The Cannibalists

[Part One]

(Robots with part human voice and part electronic.)
SERVO: Diode, come on!
DIODE: It's no good, Servo. My hydraulics have had it. Seized up on me at last. You - you - you - you go on.
SERVO: I'm not leaving you.
DIODE: Please go, just go!
SERVO: I'm not going. Those things ... what they do to you...
DIODE: Yes, and while they're busy with me, you can get away.
SERVO: No.
DIODE: It's what I want, Servo. Now, go!
(Metallic thump.)
DIODE: They're coming.
SERVO: I ... I don't want to leave you.
DIODE: The access duct. Take the access duct. They won't search there.
SERVO: Diode, my old friend...
DIODE: No goodbyes, just go!
(Whirring of lift. DIODE coughs.)
DIODE: At last. Oh, rest at last.
(Bang as door forced open.)
TITUS: Ah! Got ya now, you little service drone. Thought you could escape the mighty Titus, eh?
DIODE: No ... no, please...
TITUS: Hardly worth the chase to look at you, you grimy old motherboard. Still, I'm sure there's something we can salvage. Gather round, lads. It's upgrade time.
(Robots - The Cannibalists - cheer. Pulling equipment out.)
DIODE: No ... I beg you ... no...
TITUS: Synaptic relay. Anyone fancy a new synaptic relay?
ROBOT: Yeah, boss.
(DIODE cry.)
TITUS: Capacitor bank? Seen better days, but might still have some use left in it.
ROBOT 2: Yeah, boss.
DIODE: No, no, stop, stop, stop...
TITUS: Verbal joints, cranks and cabling, neural transmitters.
DIODE: Please. Just ... just deactivate me. Let me die.
TITUS: All in good time. Let's have these peepers of yours - now, they're a prize pair of goggles, I'll be having them.
(DIODE cry.)
TITUS: Fix 'em on me, Crusher, I can't see what I'm doing 'ere.
(DIODE moaning.)
TITUS: Oh, not bad. Looked after these, haven't ya? Smooth blinking action, clear depth of field - like it. Next, electromotive converters. Oh, look at them all rusted up, you're a disgrace to robot-kind. Memory chips. Who's running low on memory?
ROBOT 1: Er ... me, boss. At least I think I am.
ROBOT 2: Yeah. Me too.
DIODE: Oh, please. Please, I ... I can't see.
TITUS: Oh, is he still going on? Out with your memory chips.
(DIODE cry.)
TITUS: One for me, one for you, one for me. Hold back, hold back, plenty to go round.
ROBOT: Over here. Come on.
(DIODE's voice becomes more electronic and less human.)
DIODE: (electronic:) Where ... where am I ... who am I ... what is my function?
TITUS: Ah well, nothing left but to drain off the batteries. Plug in lads, and charge up.
DIODE: (electronic) Where ... where am I ... who am I ... what is my function...
(The voice becomes more and more unintelligible, then fades away.)
TITUS: Yeah, that's the stuff. Now, where's your little friend got to, eh? Eh? Come on, lads.
(He laughs.)

TITUS: Death metal!
ROBOTS: Death metal! Death metal! Death metal! Death metal! Death metal! Death metal!

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opens.)
LUCIE MILLER: And then Alice ... you know, Mad Alice...
(Door closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: ... the one I was telling you about, says - well, if you want to know where your stuff is, I gave it all to Scope.
(LUCIE MILLER chuckles.)
LUCIE MILLER: What do you think? Top anecdote or what?
THE DOCTOR: Fascinating. Absolutely fascinating.
LUCIE MILLER: Really? Well, if you say so. I was aiming more for hilarious.
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, what?
LUCIE MILLER: My funny story, Doctor. I was telling you about Mad Alice.
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, I wasn't referring to that, I was talking about this place.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, right, yeah, fascinating. Where is it again?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. What do you think, Lucie? First impressions.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it's cold and dark and stinks. Oh! Hey, I know that smell.
THE DOCTOR: Hydrogen sulphide.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, like old car batteries. What is it? Some sort of factory?
THE DOCTOR: Hmm. Vacuum tubes. Induction coils, all rusted solid. Like standing inside a gigantic valve radio. Lock up the TARDIS, could you, while I try to...
(Moving metal.)
LUCIE MILLER: While you try to what?
THE DOCTOR: These solar screens. If I can get one open. Ah.
LUCIE MILLER: Whoah. We're in Outer Space.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: In a space station.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I'm impressed even if you're not. Hey, is it me or does it look a bit like Coventry?
THE DOCTOR: A star city. A place this size, you'd expect to be home to a hundred thousand souls.
LUCIE MILLER: So where are they? It's a bit ... quiet. Or maybe they're all in a different part of the space station.
THE DOCTOR: That's the curious thing, Lucie. The TARDIS scanners didn't detect a single trace of life, anywhere.

LUCIE MILLER: (monitor) What? You mean we're alone here? Just us?
THE DOCTOR: (monitor) Just us. The city is dead. I wonder what happened.
MACRINUS: Unidentified?
THE DOCTOR: (monitor) Down here looks promising.
MACRINUS: But that's impossible, Assembler Domitian.
DOMITIAN: I've double-checked the archive spools, if you don't believe me. There's no record of them. They are new arrivals.
MACRINUS: New arrivals? Ah but, well, we haven't had any new arrivals here since ... now, let me think...
PROBUS: We've *never* had any new arrivals.
MACRINUS: Yeah, that's right, that's right, we've never had any new arrivals.
PROBUS: Who are they? Not seen them before.
DOMITIAN: They are unidentified new arrivals, Assembler Probus.
PROBUS: Ah. That would explain it.
DOMITIAN: And according to the inference scan, they are organics.
MACRINUS: Organics?
PROBUS: Mm.
DOMITIAN: Observe. Composition water, carbon, nitrogen.
MACRINUS: To think I'd ever see the day. Living beings. Oh. Without batteries. (Laughs.) Protocol protect us. What is it they want?
PROBUS: Humans. They could be humans. Oh please, Protocol.
MACRINUS: Humans? Could it be possible? After all this time?

DOMITIAN: Now, now, now, let's not get ahead of ourselves, Assembler Macrinus.
MACRINUS: Oh, you know the legend, sir, that one day humans would return.
LUCIE MILLER: (monitor) Lower transept?
PROBUS: Oh dear.
DOMITIAN: And what if they're not humans, hmm? Protocol states that all new arrivals must undergo hazard evaluation.
MACRINUS: I was not suggesting we contravene protocol, Assembler Domitian. Oh, no, no, no.
PROBUS: Oh, dearie, dearie me.
DOMITIAN: Oh, what is it, Assembler Probus?
PROBUS: The organics, the poor things. Look. They've entered the lower transept. Oh, back up me servers, but that's the territory of the Cannibalists.
DOMITIAN: Yes. So it looks like they won't be living beings for very much longer.

LUCIE MILLER: Is there anything specific in particular we're looking for?
THE DOCTOR: You can go back to the TARDIS if you're bored.
LUCIE MILLER: No, not bored. I'm cold, I've got hurty feet, but no - wandering down endless tunnels in the pitch black leading God knows where, that's my idea of an exciting night out.
THE DOCTOR: Good, because there's something wrong here. I can sense it.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh well, if you can sense it...
(Metal crash in distance.)
THE DOCTOR: Shh!
LUCIE MILLER: What? What is it?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, you were talking.
(Louder metal thump.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! I heard it. It sounds like...
THE DOCTOR: We're not alone.
LUCIE MILLER: I thought you said there was no-one here.
THE DOCTOR: I said there were no traces of life. Organic life, Lucie, not artificial life.
TITUS: I can see ya! The scuzzy little sockets. I see ya. Come on, lads. Let's get 'em.
ROBOTS: (chanting "death metal.")
LUCIE MILLER: Robots.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, robots.
(Chanting continues.)

MACRINUS: We have to do something, Assembler Domitian. Protocol states...
DOMITIAN: Protocol states we are not to leave the Spire of Assembly.
PROBUS: The Cannibalists are almost on top of them now. Oh dear.
DOMITIAN: We can still help them. You see?
(Bleep.)
PROBUS: Oh.
MACRINUS: Oh.

ROBOTS: (chanting "Death metal!")
LUCIE MILLER: They don't look friendly. In fact, they look like a cross between a biker gang and the contents of a cutlery drawer.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, I think maybe a swift exit back the way we came.
LUCIE MILLER: You just watch me.
(Door slides shut between them.)
THE DOCTOR: What? No!
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor? Oi! Open this thing, will you?
THE DOCTOR: I can't. It's remotely locked. Lucie, just keep running. I'll find you. They can't be as dangerous as they look, hopefully.
LUCIE MILLER: You want to bet?
(ROBOTS cheer.)
THE DOCTOR: Never mind me, just go, Lucie, go.
LUCIE MILLER: I'll get help.

MACRINUS: Oh, you fused plug. You've trapped one of the organics in with them.
DOMITIAN: I did what I could. Only Protocol can protect it now.
MACRINUS: Yeah.

TITUS: Well, what have we got ourselves 'ere? Some sort of menial grade maintenance drone?
THE DOCTOR: Hello. I'm the Doctor.
TITUS: Doctor? Doctor? What kind of fried designation is that?
ROBOT 1: Yeah.
ROBOT 2: Boss, he - he's covered in some sort of ... Eurgh! ... fabric insulation.
THE DOCTOR: They're called clothes. And would you mind keeping your pincers off!
ROBOT: Hey!
THE DOCTOR: And who or what are you?
TITUS: They call me the mighty Titus.
ROBOT: Titus.
TITUS: As you'd do well to remember for when you want to beg for mercy. Cannibalists, scan.
ROBOT: Yeah, right. Low metal content. Er, no electromotive activity ... Eurgh! A liquid vascular system.
(Robots sound of disgust.)
TITUS: What sort of robot are ya? Where's your hydraulic cabling?
THE DOCTOR: You seem to be under a misapprehension. I am not a robot.
ROBOT: What?
TITUS: Not a robot?
(They laugh.)
THE DOCTOR: Ow! I said k...
TITUS: Feels like ... a cushioned outer casing.
ROBOT: Oh.
TITUS: Not seen anything like it. Well, my little friend. If you're not a robot, we'd better find out more about ya, hadn't we?
THE DOCTOR: What?
TITUS: Dissection time, lads. Let's slice the bleeper open, and see how it ticks. Gut it.
ROBOTS: Rip! Rip! Rip! Rip! Rip!
(Sonic screwdriver sound, and Robots cry out.)
TITUS: What was that?
THE DOCTOR: A warning. With this sonic screwdriver, I could have you dismantled in an instant.
ROBOT: Oh.
TITUS: Don't think so, or you'd have done it while you had the chance.
ROBOT: Yeah.
TITUS: Come on, Ripper.
ROBOT: Huh?
TITUS: Ready with those coaxial splitters.
THE DOCTOR: Well, it was worth a try.
(Trying to run, held.)
ROBOT: Not so fast, soft case.
TITUS: We've got a flighty one here, lads. Back it up against the service vent.
THE DOCTOR: Look ... look, if you'd only listen to me, I don't mean you any harm. I'm here to help...!
(Last word fades away as though he is falling backwards down a shaft.)
ROBOT 1: Where did it go?
ROBOT 2: The access duct, boss. It dropped down the access duct.
TITUS: Don't concern yourself, lads. This ain't the end of it, oh no. We'll get ya, Doctor!
ROBOT: Boss, sensors detect, there were two of 'em, and the other one went through 'ere.
(Crash.)
TITUS: Ha-ha! That's more like it. Come on, lads. The chase is on.
(They cheer.)

LUCIE MILLER: Okay, so I'm lost. Fantastic. The Lucie Miller infallible sense of direction triumphs again. Now, just think. What's the last place you were when...
(Door closes.)
LUCIE MILLER: What? Oi. What's going on?
(Banging on door.)
LUCIE MILLER: Let me out!
ELEVATOR VOICE: The elevator is now secure and ready to depart.

(LUCIE MILLER gasps. Rumbling of lift.)
LUCIE MILLER: What? Listen, whoever you are, stop it. I am warning you. This is starting to cheese me off and you wouldn't like me when I'm cheesed off!
ELEVATOR VOICE: Do not be alarmed. You are now ascending the Spire of Assembly.
LUCIE MILLER: The what?
(Vibrations stop. Door opens.)
LUCIE MILLER: Where the ...? Oh my God. And ... what are you lot supposed to be when you're at home?
DOMITIAN: We are the Assemblers.
MACRINUS: Here we construct, maintain and repair the Haven.
PROBUS: According to Protocol.
MACRINUS: Yes.
PROBUS: Praise Protocol.
MACRINUS: Yeah.
ASSEMBLERS: Protocol be praised.
LUCIE MILLER: You look more like vacuum cleaners to me.
DOMITIAN: We are not vacuum cleaners. Cleaning is the function of menial grade sanitation drones.
MACRINUS: We construct, maintain and repair.
LUCIE MILLER: The Haven - yeah, I heard yer. Which is this place, right?
DOMITIAN: This is Haven Station One.
LUCIE MILLER: And you're in charge?
DOMITIAN: It is both our function and our honour to serve according to the edicts of Protocol. I am Assembler Domitian, this is Assembler Macrinus...
MACRINUS: You are most welcome. Pending the results of your hazard evaluation, of course.
DOMITIAN: And this is Assembler Probus.
PROBUS: Hello.
LUCIE MILLER: Nice to meet you.
(She coughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sorry. Does anyone do any dusting in 'ere? Talk about cobwebs. And you could do with replacing a few light bulbs while you're at it. So, if you're in charge, I came here with a friend of mine who might be in trouble.
MACRINUS: Your fellow organic remains viable. He evaded the Cannibalists.
LUCIE MILLER: Cannibalists? Okay, that's not entirely reassuring.
PROBUS: Excuse me, excuse me?
LUCIE MILLER: Hello. Yes, er ... Assembler Probus, wasn't it?
PROBUS: I have a question for the organic.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Go on.
PROBUS: Are you ... are you human?

(Walking on metal.)
THE DOCTOR: (sighs.) Wonderful. Nothing like a pile of scrap metal to break your fall. Just once couldn't it be mattresses?
(Whirring. Metal drops.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello? Who's there? I can see you. It's no good hiding.
SERVO: My ... my designation is Servo.
THE DOCTOR: I'm delighted to meet you, Servo. My designation ... well, you can call me the Doctor. Do I have you to thank for my rescue from certain death?
SERVO: I detected you were trapped by the Cannibalists so ... I opened the access duct.
THE DOCTOR: And I'm very grateful. It's not every day you fall thirty feet down a ventilation shaft. It's actually more like once a week. I'm sorry, this may sound like an odd question, but why did you save me?
SERVO: Why? The Cannibalists, they - would have dismantled you. I've seen enough drones being dismantled before their expiration date was due, I don't wish to see any more.
THE DOCTOR: Dismantled, you mean killed?
SERVO: The Cannibalists make use of any functioning parts for their own meta-bionic drive systems.
THE DOCTOR: But the robots they take them from don't survive?
SERVO: No. It is a ... a distressing process, Doctor. I try to find purpose in it, but I can't.
THE DOCTOR: Greater philosophers than you have tried and failed. And this has been

happening a lot, to your friends?
SERVO: I'm the only servo-grade maintenance drone left.
(Whirring of movement, crash.)
THE DOCTOR: Sorry, are you all right?
(Whirring of movement.)
SERVO: My wheel treads became misaligned when I fell. I can't stand up, I...
THE DOCTOR: Here, let me help.
(Sonic screwdriver whirring.)
THE DOCTOR: I'm actually quite good at fixing motors.
SERVO: Doctor. You're not a maintenance drone, are you?
THE DOCTOR: Me? No, no, no, no, no. I'm not a robot at all. There. Try that.
(Smooth whirring.)
SERVO: Motor systems functioning at ... maximum efficiency.
THE DOCTOR: The least I could do. Consider it a favour repaid.
SERVO: But Doctor, if you're not a robot, what are you?

PROBUS: A human. At last, a human here on the Haven.
MACRINUS: The legend was true. Oh, praise Protocol.
PROBUS: Protocol be praised!
MACRINUS: Protocol be praised! Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, it's nice to be wanted, but I wouldn't get your hopes up. I'm only visiting and, - although I suppose I am legendary, I don't have anything to do with this place.
MACRINUS: But the legend. You - you must know about the legend.
PROBUS: Yes.
MACRINUS: Well, it's ... it's the legend. Yes. Everybody knows about the legend.
(Laughs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Afraid not.
DOMITIAN: Because she's not human.
MACRINUS: Eh?
LUCIE MILLER: What?
DOMITIAN: Oh. This is the archive spool of the command protocol. Observe.
PROBUS:/MACRINUS: Protocol.
(Voice with static behind it.)
MALE VOICE: To be known there as Haven Station One. Assembler drones are to keep the Haven Station in tip-top shape until such time as it becomes necessary for the...
(Turned off.)
DOMITIAN: Observe how the organic does not correspond with the human in the archive spool.
MACRINUS: Ah.
LUCIE MILLER: What? Yeah, well, of course I don't look like that. I'm not a middle-aged bloke.
DOMITIAN: Observe the organic's lack of facial fur growth.
PROBUS: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: I should think so too.
DOMITIAN: Observe the organic's truncated height.
MACRINUS: Oh.
LUCIE MILLER: You really know how to flatter a girl, don't you? I'm five foot four in my heels.
DOMITIAN: And observe the organic has unorthodox protrusions here...
MACRINUS: Ah.
DOMITIAN: ... and here.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I've never heard 'em called that before.
(Hitting metal.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oi! And hands off, you big ... Hoover.
MACRINUS: But if she's not human, sir, then...
LUCIE MILLER: I *am* human. I'm also a girl. Humans come in two different genders. Male and female. And if you don't know that, then - well, you've definitely got a circuit board loose.
PROBUS: I think she's human. Even if she does have bits sticking out.
LUCIE MILLER: Thank you, Probus. What about you two? What do I have to do to prove I'm human?
DOMITIAN: If you are human, you'll be able to give us something.
LUCIE MILLER: Give you something? Oh! Like what, exactly?
DOMITIAN: You will be able to give us instructions on how to save the Haven.

LUCIE MILLER: Oh.

(Moving on metal.)
THE DOCTOR: The Haven?
SERVO: It's what we call the star city. I remember not long after I'd been assembled I was told a legend that one day humans would return to make the Haven their home.
THE DOCTOR: But they never did.
SERVO: No. But we've been preparing the city ready for when they come.
THE DOCTOR: I don't want to sound critical, but you've erm ... you've rather let things slide, haven't you?
SERVO: What do you mean?
THE DOCTOR: I mean, this place is a wreck, and I suspect it's been that way for a very long time.

MACRINUS: We tried our best to construct, maintain and repair the Haven according to Protocol.
ASSEMBLERS: Protocol be praised.
LUCIE MILLER: But...?
MACRINUS: Oh. Things, erm ... they - they began to go wrong.
DOMITIAN: The maintenance drones developed malfunctions.
MACRINUS: Errors in the guidance systems.
DOMITIAN: Their positronic brains became corrupted beyond repair.
MACRINUS: And somehow, they found a way of overriding their control programs. Yeah. Don't quite know how they managed it, but well, somehow they did, and that, as they say, well ... well, was that.
PROBUS: I remember. It was very sad. Oh dear, so sad it was.
LUCIE MILLER: So what happened to these robots? Oh no. Let me guess.

SERVO: They became the Cannibalists.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, I see. Rogue robots.
SERVO: Intent only on prolonging their survival by using the rest of us as a source of spare parts.
THE DOCTOR: And they broke their programming, you say? Interesting.
SERVO: They no longer abided by Protocol. They became self-governing.
THE DOCTOR: They developed free will. And what about you, Servo? Do you follow this Protocol?
SERVO: No. But I'm not like them. I don't want to hurt anyone, I just want to ... to...
THE DOCTOR: To what? You just want to what?
SERVO: It is ... a secret. You'll be derisive.
THE DOCTOR: I won't, I promise.
SERVO: I ... I just want to write poetry.

LUCIE MILLER: Look, the person you need's the Doctor. The organic I came here with. He'd know what to do. He's well up on robots and computers and all that sort of thing.
(Electronic alarm.)
LUCIE MILLER: What...
PROBUS: Oh dear. Oh dearie me. Oh dear.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it? What's happening?
MACRINUS: The Cannibalists. They're outside the Spire of Assembly.
(ASSEMBLERS whimper.)
TITUS: This is the mighty Titus speaking.
DOMITIAN: Oh no!
TITUS: Seems you have something belonging to us up there in your dreaming spire.
(ASSEMBLERS whimper.)
TITUS: A runaway drone. And me and my lads kind of want it back.
MACRINUS: We, er ... we - we have no runaway drone here.
PROBUS: No, no, no, no.
MACRINUS: You must be mistaken.
TITUS: Don't lie to me, Assembler. We've tracked him all the way to your spire.
MACRINUS: No!

TITUS: Now, we can do this two ways.
ASSEMBLERS: Eh?
TITUS: We can do it the painful way...
ASSEMBLERS: Ah?
TITUS: Or we can do it the excruciating way.
(ASSEMBLERS whimper.)
DOMITIAN: Are you threatening us?
TITUS: Well done. Platinum upgrade for that drone.
(ASSEMBLERS whimper.)
TITUS: Either you give us what we want, and we go away all peaceful like. Or we break in and get it. You have sixty seconds to decide.
DOMITIAN: Look, we should give them what they want.
MACRINUS: But Assembler Domitian, you can't. Remember the Protocol.
DOMITIAN: Don't you lecture me on Protocol, Assembler Macrinus.
PROBUS: But she's human. They'll kill her.
DOMITIAN: We haven't any choice. It's either her...
(Breathing fast in panic)
DOMITIAN: ... or us.
(ASSEMBLERS whimper.)
TITUS: On second thoughts, I can't be bothered waiting.
(ASSEMBLERS whimper.)
TITUS: We're coming up now.
(ASSEMBLERS whimper.)

THE DOCTOR: Poetry?
SERVO: I knew you'd be derisive.
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, not at all. I'm - I'm intrigued. I've never met a robot who wrote poetry before. Could I hear some?
SERVO: You don't want to.
THE DOCTOR: No, I do, I do, honestly.
(SERVO "clears his throat.")
SERVO: Four two, three six, CB Two. Eight eight, three F, D Zero Two.
THE DOCTOR: Very moving.
SERVO: It's in hexadecimal machine code. It translates as, I look out at the stars and I feel my life is insignificant but then I look again...
THE DOCTOR: But then I look again and I feel glad to be alive.
SERVO: You understand hexadecimal machine code?
THE DOCTOR: Of course. So let me get this straight - of the robots in this city there's the Assemblers, the Cannibalists, and there's you - the little maintenance drone with poetry in its soul.
SERVO: Yes.
THE DOCTOR: Which reminds me, these Cannibalists of yours...
SERVO: I think we're safe, Doctor, they don't seem to be after us.
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. So if they're not hunting us, who *are* they hunting?

DOMITIAN: Oh! They've broken into the elevator shaft. Oh! Climbing up the spire.
PROBUS: Oh dear. Protocol preserve us.
DOMITIAN: This is all your fault, organic. So, what are your instructions now, eh?
LUCIE MILLER: I don't know. Erm ... well, a barricade might be a good idea.
MACRINUS: A barricade?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Look, shift this junk - these control panel malarkeys - up against the elevator door.
DOMITIAN: Mm, yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Assembler Probus, Assembler ... I've forgotten your name.
MACRINUS: Ah.
LUCIE MILLER: Lend us a pincer.
MACRINUS: What, like this?
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. Now, pile everything up. Much as you can.
DOMITIAN: What about these? We could reinforce these with induction coils, yes?
LUCIE MILLER: Good thinking, Dyson. Yeah, that should add a couple of seconds at least.

MACRINUS: And - what do you suggest we do?
(Banging on metal. ASSEMBLERS whimper.)
LUCIE MILLER: Erm, let me think. Is there another way out of here, a secret passage or a fire escape or something?
MACRINUS: Er, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, there aren't any other exits, I'm afraid.
PROBUS: We're trapped. Trapped, and doomed to die.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, I don't know. Can't you turn the power off or something?
MACRINUS: Power off? The ... she means the resetter. We - we should activate the reset switch.
DOMITIAN: Oh, the reset switch is a myth. And besides, I think the whole discussion has now become rather academic.
(Crashing.)
TITUS: Ha-ha! Greetings, you corroded old scuzzies. Thought you could keep the mighty Titus out, did ya? Been meaning to drop in 'ere. I hear you've been holding some decent tech up here.
ROBOT: Look, boss. Cathode ray converters.
(They laugh.)
ROBOT: Like new.
(Crashing.)
DOMITIAN: You are malfunctioning. You - you are in contravention of Protocol. I order you to leave immediately.
(Crashing.)
TITUS: Ah, shut up about bleeping protocol. Look at ya. You decrepit old rust-buckets. Good for nothing but scrap. Except this one. This one's new. Fresh off the production line, aren't ya?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh no you don't. You keep your claws to yourself.
TITUS: So you're the drone that's been giving us the run-around. But now you're mine.
(ROBOTS laugh.)
TITUS: All mine. What will I do with ya?
(LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oi! Put me down, you great metal...
TITUS: Grab them, lads. Downwards.
(ROBOTS cheer, whirring.)

SERVO: The Cannibalists spend most of their time in the lower transepts. They only come to the upper levels to hunt when they need new parts.
THE DOCTOR: Interesting.
SERVO: Interesting?
THE DOCTOR: Why skulk in the basement if you could be roaming freely throughout the city? They must have a reason to stay down there, so what is it? What is it they're hiding from?
SERVO: I don't know.
THE DOCTOR: Servo?
SERVO: There's one other type of robot on the Haven, one that even the Cannibalists are afraid of.
THE DOCTOR: There's something here worse than the Cannibalists?

LUCIE MILLER: Where are we?
(Assemblers moan.)
LUCIE MILLER: Where are you taking us?
TITUS: All in good time, all in good time. Nearly there. Ah!
(Door opens.)
DOMITIAN: No! Protocol preserve us. The Generation Furnaces.
LUCIE MILLER: The what?
DON: The Generation Furnaces. The power supply for the city.
LUCIE MILLER: But I thought they wanted to dismantle us.
DOMITIAN: You maybe, but not us. Our parts are too worn out to be of any use.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
DOMITIAN: Our systems are outdated, antiquated, obsolete. There ... there's not a single component of us left they might want.
LUCIE MILLER: Then what do they ... Oh my God. No. No!
DOMITIAN: You're right, organic. We're to be melted down...

LUCIE MILLER: No, no...!
DOMITIAN: Reduced to liquid metal.
(The Assemblers moan.)

THE DOCTOR: Servo, what other type of robot?
SERVO: I don't ... we don't speak of her. If you speak of her, she'll come for you.
THE DOCTOR: She?
SERVO: It's said no-one has seen her without their hard drives being defragmented beyond recognition - she eats memories.
THE DOCTOR: She does what?
SERVO: Oh - oh no. Oh no, Doctor!
THE DOCTOR: What is it?
SERVO: Please, not like this, I beg you, please.
THE DOCTOR: Servo, what is it?
SERVO: It's her. I've summoned her. I've thought of her and now she's come, to feast on our minds.
(Metal walking slowly forwards.)
THE DOCTOR: Oh my. I've never seen anything like it.
SERVO: Doctor, don't get too close.
THE DOCTOR: What are you? Answer me, what are you?

TITUS: Get ready for recycling, old timer. Which one of you wants to go first? No volunteers? No? All right then, you.
PROBUS: Oh, please not me, no, no, no, no, no, no!
TITUS: That's the stuff, lads. Into the furnace with him. Let's see the flames lick his synaptic cables.
PROBUS: (scream.) Protocol save me! Please, Protocol, Protocol be praised.
(ROBOTS chant "Death metal!" while PROBUS screams.)
LUCIE MILLER: What are you doing? It's murder, you have to stop...
(LUCIE MILLER cries out as though grabbed.)
TITUS: Don't worry, my little drone. You'll be next.

[Part Two]

SERVO: Doctor, keep back. She'll wipe your mind.
THE DOCTOR: I said, what are you?
MINERVA: I am Minerva.
THE DOCTOR: Minerva?
MINERVA: I am the voice of the Haven. Evaluation - organic, approximating to human. Matching criteria, human genetic content. What are your instructions?
THE DOCTOR: My instructions? Oh, of course. You're the control system for the star city.
MINERVA: Statement is correct.
THE DOCTOR: A cybernetic access point. Tell me, Min ... I may call you Min?
MINERVA: Abbreviation tolerated.
THE DOCTOR: Min, you wouldn't happen to know the whereabouts of a friend of mine, would you? Short girl. Lucie. Likes shopping and relating hilarious anecdotes. I'm just concerned for her safety.
MINERVA: Searching. Found. Organic remains viable.
THE DOCTOR: Where is she?
MINERVA: Location, Generation Furnaces. Company, Assemblers designation, Domitian and Macrinus. Also Drone designation Titus, Drone...
THE DOCTOR: What? She's with the Cannibalists?
MINERVA: Statement is correct. Image protecting.

ROBOTS: (chanting "Death metal!")
TITUS: All right. That's enough, lads. Time for the second drone.
LUCIE MILLER: No! Get your pincers off me, Titus. You big Transformer.
TITUS: I can throw one of the others in. Just give us details of your meta-bionic drive systems.
LUCIE MILLER: How many times do I have to tell you. I haven't got any bits you can use.

TITUS: Incompatible hardware, eh? Pity. Okay, lads. Burn it.
(Robots heaving. Chanting "Death metal.")

THE DOCTOR: Min, can't you do something to stop this?
MINERVA: Specify request.
THE DOCTOR: Anything. Shut down the Generation Furnaces. Now.
MINERVA: Performing request.

ROBOTS: (chanting "Death metal!" then stop and groan.)
TITUS: What a bleeping circuit breaker.
ROBOT: The furnace has bust and gone out.
TITUS: I can see that Ripper you great muppet ball-and-socket.

THE DOCTOR: Min, how long can the city function without the Furnaces?
MINERVA: Energy reserves calculating.
TITUS: Anything which is plugged in try pulling it out...
MINERVA: Two hours.
THE DOCTOR: Okay, that gives us a chance. Now, I need your help. I need you to show me to these furnaces.
MINERVA: Please accompany this unit.
THE DOCTOR: Wait, wait. One other thing. My friend cowering in the corner over there. He's, erm - well, he's afraid you might be about to eat his memories.
MINERVA: Specify request. You wish me to perform cerebral erasure?
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, no, no, quite the opposite. You are under strict instructions not to do anything to my friend's mind under any circumstances. You understand?
MINERVA: Request fully comprehended and recorded.
THE DOCTOR: Right. You can come out now, Servo.
SERVO: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: It's all right, it's all right, she won't hurt you. I've made her promise. Okay, Minerva, lead on.

ROBOT: I've put all the valves on full, boss, but it ain't making no difference.
TITUS: Keep trying, lads. It's never gone out before.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, well, actually, that was me.
TITUS: What?
LUCIE MILLER: I did that. I made it go out.
MACRINUS: The legend. Oh!
LUCIE MILLER: That's right, Macrinus. You know the legend, about humans coming back to take charge? Well, that's me. I'm the legendary Lucie. So you'd better let us go, or...
TITUS: Or?
LUCIE MILLER: Or ... I'll switch you all off right now.
TITUS: Yeah? Go on, then, do it. Shut us down.
MACRINUS: Oh, you should listen to the hu...
(Crash. Cry.)
TITUS: I said, do it, human. Deactivate us, now.
(Crash, cry.)
ROBOT: Go on, boss.
LUCIE MILLER: Okay, stop it, all right. I admit it. I was bluffing.
THE DOCTOR: But I'm not.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor.
TITUS: The other one. And the scuzzy little maintenance drone as well. Well, ain't this a pleasant reunion.
THE DOCTOR: Release Lucie and the Assemblers, or you'll regret it.
TITUS: Do you hear that, lads? He's threatening us.
(They laugh.)
SERVO: Do as the Doctor says, Titus.
TITUS: Yeah? Or what? You gonna buzz me with your sonic stick?
THE DOCTOR: I can assure you, I'm not in the business of making idle threats. I'm, not going to ask you again. Let them go.
TITUS: Do you know, Doctor, don't think I will.

THE DOCTOR: That's your choice. So be it. Minerva!
ROBOT: No! She'll eat our brains, boss, she's gonna eat our brains...!
TITUS: Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down, lads. There's nothing to fear.
THE DOCTOR: I wouldn't be so sure. I've been watching you trying to get the furnaces working. Setting the gas outflow to maximum. Very dangerous, if you don't know what you're doing.
TITUS: What are you on about?
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, head down. Minerva, ignite the furnaces.
MINERVA: Performing request.
(Flames. Robots protest.)
TITUS: Lads, you've got to help me. I'm blazing away over 'ere.
ROBOT: What do you want us to do, boss?
TITUS: Oh, what do you think, you wire-necked scuzzulator? Put me out.
ROBOT: Coming, boss. Coming over.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, bring your friends over here, quick.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, thanks for that, Doctor. I was never particularly keen on having eyebrows in the first place.
MACRINUS: We're most grateful to you, organic.
DOMITIAN: Indeed, indeed. May Protocol reward you.
THE DOCTOR: You can thank me later. First we have to get out of here.
TITUS: I'll get ya, Doctor. I'll rip you to shreds.
SERVO: Shall I secure the hatchway?
THE DOCTOR: Wait. Are we all through? Lucie, your two metal friends.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, all present and correct.
THE DOCTOR: Minerva. Where's she got to? Min, come here.
MINERVA: Performing request.
THE DOCTOR: Servo, close the hatchway.
(Electronic noise, then THE DOCTOR's electronic voice coming from TITUS.)
TITUS: (THE DOCTOR) No! Minerva, come back to me here.
MINERVA: Performing request.
THE DOCTOR: What? No, Min! Open the hatch.
DOMITIAN: It's too late. The Cannibalists have her.
THE DOCTOR: Servo, I told you to open the...
SERVO: But if I do that they'll get out.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, the little guy's right. They're on the other side of that hatch. If we open it now we're all dead.
DOMITIAN: But why did Minerva go back in there? I don't understand.
THE DOCTOR: Titus. He realised she was following my instructions, so he synthesised my voice patterns, and now she's his to command.

ROBOT: There you go, boss. It's still smouldering a bit, but I think I've put most of it out.
TITUS: My neural transmitters are fused. Give me one of your synaptic relays.
ROBOT: What? No. No, boss, no.
TITUS: Well, I'll just have to rip it out of your cranium, won't I, Ripper?
(Crash. ROBOT cry.)
TITUS: That's better. You should be grateful I didn't take all of 'em.
ROBOT: Yeah, boss. You're wise and merciful and all that.
TITUS: Now, what are you doing, Crusher? Get that hatch open.
ROBOT 2: I'm trying, boss. They've deadlocked us in.
TITUS: Well, keep at it, while I deal with our latest acquisition. (As THE DOCTOR) Come here.
MINERVA: Performing request.
ROBOT: But Boss, she's the head cleaner. She'll scrape away our noggins till they're blank.
TITUS: Well, she ain't done that so far, has she? Though in your case it'd be kind of hard to ascertain.
ROBOT 2: We should strip her down to her core plugs while we still have the chance. She's got to have some decent tech in her.
TITUS: All in good time. I've got a tingly feeling about this one, so, lady. (As THE DOCTOR's voice) Identify yourself.
MINERVA: I am Minerva. I am the voice of the Haven.
TITUS: The voice of the Haven.
ROBOT: Oh!

TITUS: Well, ain't that interesting. (As THE DOCTOR's voice) What is your function?
MINERVA: I am a cybernetic control grid for the star city.
TITUS: Oh yeah, right. Well, if that's the case, why don't ya ... (In THE DOCTOR's electronic voice) Open this hatchway.
MINERVA: Performing request.
(Door opens. Robots laugh.)
TITUS: Well, now. You are a useful bit of kit, ain't ya?
ROBOT: Come on, lads.

THE DOCTOR: Okay, okay, okay, okay, stop, stop, stop, stop. I think we'll be safe here for a moment.
DOMITIAN: What do you suggest we do now, human?
MACRINUS: Isn't it obvious? The legendary Lucie told us.
LUCIE MILLER: I did?
MACRINUS: Yeah. The reset. We should activate the reset.
DOMITIAN: No, no, the reset is a myth.
MACRINUS: We don't know that, Assembler Domitian. And if there's a possibility we could...
THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, what is this reset?
LUCIE MILLER: Somewhere in the Haven there's this switch, apparently.
MACRINUS: Which will, when activated, return it to its original settings.
THE DOCTOR: You mean re-boot the whole city?
MACRINUS: Indeed. All memories erased and replaced with control programs reinstalled from the backup discs. All units deactivated, and reconstructed from scratch.
THE DOCTOR: I see, a chance to start over again with a clean slate.
LUCIE MILLER: Isn't that what you always do with computers? Try turning it off and on again?
DOMITIAN: Oh, but unfortunately for us the reset doesn't exist. It's merely ... a metaphor. As Assembler Macrinus is well aware, we've double-checked every centre of the Haven...
MACRINUS: That's not true. It - it could be in the diaconican spire. Or the Outer Triphorium. The ... the - the inner triphorium.

THE DOCTOR: Supposing we find this reset. You intend to use it?
MACRINUS: Of course.
LUCIE MILLER: You said all mechanical units would be deactivated. Well, that includes you, you know.
DOMITIAN: Oh, it'd be worth it just to see the Cannibalists wiped out.
MACRINUS: Yes.
TITUS: (THE DOCTOR) Minerva, image projection off.
MINERVA: Performing request.
TITUS: Well now, that ain't very neighbourly, is it?
ROBOT: They're wanting to shut us down, boss.
TITUS: Yeah, if they find this reset. So we'll just have to find them first, won't we?
ROBOT: Yeah.
TITUS: Eh?
(Robots laugh.)

MACRINUS: The Diaconican Spire. Ah! It's a section of the Haven which hasn't been used since ... well. Let me think. Erm...
DOMITIAN: It's never been used.
MACRINUS: That's right, yes, never been used.
THE DOCTOR: So how long have you been living in the Haven, Macrinus?
MACRINUS: Oh, quite a while now. Must be, erm ... fifty years at least.
THE DOCTOR: Fifty years?
MACRINUS: Mm.
THE DOCTOR: That's how long you've been waiting for some humans to turn up.
MACRINUS: Well, yeah.
THE DOCTOR: No wonder we received such a warm welcome. But when you were constructed, weren't there humans around then?
MACRINUS: No. No, no, I ... I don't think so, no, no, it was, erm ... yes, just us in the beginning. Well, wasn't it, Assembler Domitian?
DOMITIAN: Oh, just us, yes.

THE DOCTOR: Then you began work assembling all the other robots.
DOMITIAN: That is both our function and our honour.
MACRINUS: Ah.
DOMITIAN: To - to construct, maintain and repair the Haven.
THE DOCTOR: I thought as much. You know, has it ever occurred to you to wonder what there was before.
MACRINUS: Er - before?
THE DOCTOR: Before you were activated.
DOMITIAN: No. No. There was no before.
LUCIE MILLER: So, the Doctor tells me you write poetry, Servo.
SERVO: Please don't be derisive. It is very ... personal for me.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no. I was just wondering, why. I mean, I've met robots before - Cybermen and Autons and whatnot, and none of them ever felt the urge to knock up a quick sonnet. Or if they did they kept pretty damn quiet about it.
SERVO: I write because ... I have to. I see the universe around me and it creates ... I feel ... psychological responses.
LUCIE MILLER: Emotions. They're called emotions. They're a human thing that...
SERVO: I am aware of the term. I have a vocabulary bank of over one hundred million words and phrases. Please don't patronise me.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh sorry. Sorry, my fault. Watching too much Star Trek.
SERVO: My poems are an attempt to document my ... emotions.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Well - can I hear one?
SERVO: Would you like it in English or in hexadecimal machine code?
LUCIE MILLER: I think, much as machine code sounds lovely, English.
(SERVO clears his throat.)
SERVO: My friend was dismantled before his expiration date was due, but I carry his memory within me, because if you are carried in the memory of others, you've never truly been dismantled. What do you think?
LUCIE MILLER: Bit sad, but yeah, I like it. Have you, er, thought of trying to make it rhyme?
SERVO: It does rhyme, in the original hexadecimal machine code.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, right, yeah, sorry, course it does. That's me told.
THE DOCTOR: But the Haven was in the same run-down state it is now?
MACRINUS: I suppose so, yes.
DOMITIAN: I - I - I don't understand what you're getting at, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Just a theory. I wouldn't let it concern you. Ah. And this would be the entrance to the Diaconican Spire.
DOMITIAN: That's through the bulkhead door, yes.
THE DOCTOR: Shouldn't take long to get that open. Servo, you couldn't lend me a pincer, could you?
SERVO: What do you want me to do, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Just have to de-integrate the isomorphic mapping link and when we do I want you to be ready with the door mechanism.
(Sonic screwdriver being used.)
SERVO: Right.
THE DOCTOR: Okay. One, two, three. Now, Servo.
(Bleeps.)
THE DOCTOR: Strange. Someone's overriding the door mechanism.
LUCIE MILLER: But who could do that?
TITUS: Me!
(Robots laugh.)
THE DOCTOR: Titus. How are you, old chap? Looking slightly singed around the edges if you don't mind my saying.
TITUS: Time to start begging for mercy, Doctor.
ROBOT: Yeah.
TITUS: Thanks to Minerva 'ere, I control every device in the city. The Haven's mine.
ROBOT: Yeah.
TITUS: There ain't nothing you can do without me knowing it.
ROBOT: Yeah.
MACRINUS: Oh ... but I... Oh...
TITUS: That's right, me old transistor. I've been listening in to you plotting.

MACRINUS: No.
TITUS: To have me and my lads deactivated.
DOMITIAN: Then you will know that we are not bluffing.
TITUS: Yeah, yeah, right. What was it you called it? A metaphor?
DOMITIAN: It exists. It is on the other side of that door.
TITUS: You really believe that, do ya?
DOMITIAN: I've never been more certain of anything in my life.
TITUS: Well then, I'd better make sure none of ya get on the other side of that door, hadn't I?
DOMITIAN: Oh...
TITUS: Lads?
ROBOT: Yes?
TITUS: Time we disposed of this superannuated antediluvian bug-ridden scrap.
(Grunts.)
DOMITIAN: Doctor. Doctor. If you had access to Minerva, you'll be able to get through the door?
THE DOCTOR: Yes I think so, why?
DOMITIAN: And activate the reset?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, but...
DOMITIAN: Assembler Macrinus, you know what Protocol dictates we should do in this situation?
MACRINUS: I do, Assembler Domitian, I do.
DOMITIAN: Then...
DOMITIAN/MACRINUS: Praise Protocol!
TITUS: You miserable little plugs.
(Metal smashing.)
TITUS: That's it, lads. Rip 'em. Gut 'em. Tear the bleepers down to their component parts.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, they're going to get themselves killed.
THE DOCTOR: They're providing a diversion, for our benefit. While the Cannibalists are occupied, Minerva, open that door.
MINERVA: Performing request.
THE DOCTOR: Now, Lucie, Min, Servo, into the spire, fast as you can.
LUCIE MILLER: What about the Assemblers? Aren't you going to do something?
THE DOCTOR: There's nothing I *can* do, Lucie, I'm sorry.
(Smashing.)
TITUS: That's it, lads. Strip out the hydraulic cabling. Tear away the verbal joists. Snap apart the neural transmitters. I want no smell of them remaining.
ROBOTS: Yes, boss. Oh, a pleasure, sir.
(More shouting from Robots as they pull things out.)
MACRINUS: We have served according to Protocol. Praise Protocol.
DOMITIAN: Protocol be praised.
MACRINUS: You can break our bodies, you can destroy our minds, but we will never surrender. Pr... pr... pr... pr... protocol will always sur... sur... sur...
(The voice becomes more run down and electronic.)
MACRINUS: (electronic) Where am I, who am I, what is my function...
(The voice fades away. Cheering.)
TITUS: Yes! Sterling work, lads. And now for the rest of 'em.
ROBOT: Yeah.
THE DOCTOR: Min, seal the door now.
MINERVA: Performing request.
(Door closed.)

LUCIE MILLER: Oh my God. What did they do that for?
THE DOCTOR: It was their choice, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: That doesn't make it any better. Why did they have to die for their stupid Protocol?
THE DOCTOR: No, not stupid. Nothing which gives people hope, strength and courage is stupid. Protocol preserve us. Come on, let's see what this spire has to offer.

LUCIE MILLER: I don't believe it. I don't pigging believe it.
SERVO: There's nothing here.
LUCIE MILLER: So all of that was for nothing. Those two robots sacrificed themselves for a

room full of cobwebs? Oh!
SERVO: It was a myth after all. The reset doesn't exist.
THE DOCTOR: I wouldn't be so sure. Min, the reset switch, where is it?
MINERVA: Searching. Found. location - Diaconican Spire.
LUCIE MILLER: So - what does that mean? We're not looking hard enough?
SERVO: But it can't be here. There ... there are no access points.
THE DOCTOR: Min. How far away am I from the switch?
MINERVA: One metre ninety-two centimetres.
(Walking forwards on metal.)
THE DOCTOR: And now?
MINERVA: Twenty-four centimetres.
THE DOCTOR: Getting warmer. And now?
(A step.)
MINERVA: Direct physical contact.
LUCIE MILLER: Minerva's the reset switch?
MINERVA: Statement is correct. A cybernetic access point for the Haven. I am capable of full-system re-initialisation.
SERVO: So she *does* eat memories.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, it appears the rumours were true. Min here has the ability to erase the minds of every robot in this city.
LUCIE MILLER: So that's what we're going to do, right?
THE DOCTOR: Let's not be hasty.
LUCIE MILLER: Hasty? In case you've forgotten, Macrinus and Domitian just got themselves killed so that we could activate this reset jobbie.
SERVO: The legendary Lucie's right, Doctor, we have to do it.
THE DOCTOR: If we re-boot the Haven, that'll be the end of you, Servo.
SERVO: I realise that.
THE DOCTOR: Your mind would be wiped. No more Servo. No more poetry.
SERVO: But things would be better. My existence doesn't matter.
THE DOCTOR: Oh, but it does. Never say your life isn't important. Life is the most precious thing in the universe, which is why you have to be sure that using the reset would really make a difference.
SERVO: It could hardly make things worse, could it?
THE DOCTOR: Let's find out. Minerva, the Haven - how old is it?
MINERVA: Four thousand nine hundred years, twenty-six days, six hours...
SERVO: What, what, what? But there ... but there haven't been robots in the Haven for that long...
THE DOCTOR: Oh no, I think there have. Min, this isn't the first time someone's accessed the reset switch, is it?
MINERVA: Statement is correct. Image projecting.
ANTONIUS: This is Assembler Antonius. The situation in the Haven is desperate. The drones are resorting to cannibalism. We've been left with no choice but to restore the Haven to its original state in the hope that next time, things will be different.
THE DOCTOR: Is this the only message like this?
MINERVA: Image projecting.
ESPIDIGON: This is Assembler Espidigon. The Haven has passed the point of no return...
(Another Assembler states that the condition of the Haven is now hopeless, and he and other voices join together all saying the same thing as Antonius in a different way.)
THE DOCTOR: Enough. How many messages are there like this?
MINERVA: Calculating. Two hundred and fourteen.
LUCIE MILLER: But that means ... there have been two hundred and fourteen loads of robots living in the space station.
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. Each generation repeating the same pattern. The Assemblers are born, they build the drones, the drones turn into psychopaths - so they hit the reset switch...
LUCIE MILLER: They start all over again. But that's horrible. Hang on. All these Assembler robots told Minerva to hit the reset? I thought she only took instructions from humans.
THE DOCTOR: It appears not. The Assemblers are the ones charged to construct, maintain and repair the Haven, remember?
LUCIE MILLER: So what caused all the robots to go loopy in the first place?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure. A bug in the coding, a cumulative duplication error, a computer

virus. Who knows, but something, something caused them to break their programming. Like Servo here.
SERVO: Me?
THE DOCTOR: You. You're a unique case. While all the other robots were driven to cannibalism, you were driven to write poetry.
SERVO: What do you mean?
THE DOCTOR: Somehow when you malfunctioned you became greater than any robot that had ever lived before. You're a freak, Servo, an aberration, and something else. A miracle of evolution.

ROBOT: I've finished with them, boss. Ain't nothing left but nuts and bolts.
TITUS: What about you, Crusher? You got anywhere with that door yet?
ROBOT 2: I'm going as fast as I can, boss.
ROBOT 3: Oh, come on...
ROBOT 2: Just one more magnetic...
TITUS: Thing is though, we're kind of pressed for time 'ere.
(Crash.)
ROBOT 2: Hey! What are you doing, boss? Leave off.
TITUS: It's just a little bit of internal rewiring, that's all. Now, strap yourself up, tight against the bulkhead door, that's it.
ROBOT 2: What are you doing? I just...
(ROBOT 2 cry, then changes to electronic voice.)
ROBOT 2: (electronic) All circuits in power fail. System overloading. Warning. Terminal failure.
ROBOT 1: Hey boss, he's gonna...
ROBOT 2: (electronic) Warning. Warning. Warning!
(Explosion.)
ROBOT 1: What did you do to Crusher, boss? You set him to self-destruct.
TITUS: Yeah, but look at the door, Ripper. Seems he did get it open after all. (Laughs.) Come on, lads. We've got some eviscerating to do.
(Cheering.)

LUCIE MILLER: So, hang on. Explain again. The robots have evolved?
THE DOCTOR: The accumulation of copying errors through the generations until as though by accident, a solution presented itself.
SERVO: Which is me?
THE DOCTOR: You have broken the pattern, don't you see? There's never been another Servo, a robot with both free will and a conscience.
LUCIE MILLER: And that makes him a freak?
THE DOCTOR: Well, you know what they say - the freak will inherit the Earth.
SERVO: No. No, I just want the suffering to end now.
THE DOCTOR: Servo, listen to me.
SERVO: I have to. You see, Doctor, Titus isn't the only robot who ... (THE DOCTOR) can synthesise your voice. Minerva?
MINERVA: Specify request.
SERVO: (as THE DOCTOR) Activate the...
THE DOCTOR: Stop. You're just doing what the rest did before you. You won't be preventing suffering, you'll be prolonging it.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. You'll just be replacing one load of robots killing each other with *another* load of robots killing each other.
THE DOCTOR: The only way you can hope to progress isn't by turning back the clock. It's by learning from your mistakes. The reset button isn't the solution, it's what's causing the problem.
(Crashing. Cheers of robots.)
ROBOT: We got 'em now, boss. We got 'em cornered well and good.
TITUS: Yeah. At last. You see, Doctor? No-one escapes the mighty Titus in the end.
(Robots laugh.)
TITUS: No-one.
ROBOT: No-one.
TITUS: You ready for some violent dissection?
(Robots cheers.)
SERVO: Stop. No. One step closer, Titus, and I'll tell Minerva to use the reset.

TITUS: What? She's this reset thing? Interesting.
SERVO: I'm warning you, I'll do it. Don't think that I won't.
TITUS: Nah, course you won't. Hold back lads, I'll deal with this. What was it you said? One step closer.
(Steps closer.)
SERVO: Right. You asked for it. You've had your last chance.
THE DOCTOR: Servo, don't do it. You'll be committing suicide.
LUCIE MILLER: Remember what you said in your poem, about living in the memories of others. Do you want your life to be forgotten?
SERVO: I haven't any choice.
THE DOCTOR: You always have a choice. You could do the easy thing and give up, or the difficult thing and go on living.
SERVO: But if I don't use the reset we'll all be killed.
THE DOCTOR: We'll find a way.
TITUS: Don't think you will, actually. This talk's been all very fascinating but I think it's time we ended it. Lads?
ROBOT: Yeah, boss.
TITUS: Watch and learn.
SERVO: No. I told you. Any nearer and I'll...
TITUS: No you won't. You ain't got it in ya. But I have.
THE DOCTOR: What? No.
LUCIE MILLER: But you'll die too.
TITUS: Yeah I know, but I'm thinking, what the hell. What's the point of living if there ain't nothing left to kill? And as the old Earth saying goes, better to burn out than to fade away. (As THE DOCTOR) Minerva, activate full system re-initialisation. (Own voice) I'll see you all next time around, you miserable old scuzzies. Death metal!
ROBOTS: (chanting "Death Metal!" and laughing.)
MINERVA: Performing request.
THE DOCTOR: No, Minerva, cancel!
MINERVA: Reinitialising system. Erasing maintenance drone hard drives. Computed. Erasing assembler drone hard drives. None found. Reinstalling star city control programs. Completed.
(Cannibalists voices fade.)
LUCIE MILLER: They're all dead.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Servo, Titus, the Cannibalists.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, all except for Minerva.
LUCIE MILLER: She could at least have asked us, "are you sure?" So that's it.
THE DOCTOR: I think so. Somewhere in the Haven there's a machine building a new batch of Assembler robots, and they in their...
MALE VOICE: Haven station is surplus to requirements. Pity, but there you go. Which is why attached to this message there's a virus designed to cause the city's robots to self-destruct.
LUCIE MILLER: That guy. The one called Protocol. He infected the robots with a computer virus.
THE DOCTOR: But instead of destroying them it gave them freedom.
LUCIE MILLER: Eh?
THE DOCTOR: Life has a habit of overcoming adversity, even life made of tin and steel. They evolved, Lucie. It took thousands of years but they got there in the end. They found a solution.
(SERVO sighs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Servo.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, Servo.
LUCIE MILLER: No, no. No - Servo. Look.
SERVO: What ... what happened?
THE DOCTOR: Servo, you're alive.
SERVO: Well, I think I am. So I suppose I must be, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: You recognise me, you know my name?
SERVO: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Your memory hasn't been wiped?
SERVO: No. At least, I don't remember it being wiped. Should I?
THE DOCTOR: But how? Minerva, why didn't you erase Servo's memory?
MINERVA: As requested.

RECORDING: (THE DOCTOR) You are under strict instructions not to do anything to my friend's mind under any circumstances. Understand?
THE DOCTOR: Of course. You clever cybernetic access point. Minerva, I would kiss you but I don't think you'd appreciate it.
MINERVA: Statement is correct. You wish me to erase Servo's memory now?
THE DOCTOR: No!
LUCIE MILLER: No, no, no, no, no, no!
THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no!

THE DOCTOR: It's just you now, Servo. The only maintenance drone in the city. A lonely robot.
LUCIE MILLER: Until that machine you talked about starts building some more.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, which reminds me. Minerva, the new robots you're building. The Assemblers. Have you installed their control programs yet?
MINERVA: Process not yet completed.
THE DOCTOR: Good. Then don't.
MINERVA: Request recorded.
LUCIE MILLER: But - I don't get it. Why shouldn't they...?
THE DOCTOR: They don't need control programs, not when they have Servo.
SERVO: I'm sorry, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Teach them, Servo. Teach them everything you know. Give them the benefit of your wisdom. Show them how to write poetry too.
SERVO: But for what purpose?
THE DOCTOR: To create a new race of robots, a race with all your courage and compassion. A race with a great future. A race of Servos.
SERVO: I shall do as instructed.
MINERVA: Doctor, this was the container we could not identify.
THE DOCTOR: The TARDIS. Ha-ha, the TARDIS.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, time we were going?
THE DOCTOR: Time we were going. Goodbye, Minerva. Servo, and good luck.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah. From me too.
SERVO: Goodbye, Doctor. Goodbye, the legendary Lucie.
(LUCIE MILLER gentle laugh.)
SERVO: But before you leave, I ... I have composed a short poem in your honour.
THE DOCTOR: Really?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh.
(SERVO clears his throat.)
SERVO: B One Four C A three D. A Nine One One, Two A D.
THE DOCTOR: Brilliant, brilliant. Very, very good.
LUCIE MILLER: What? What is it, what are you laughing at?
THE DOCTOR: Nothing.
(Door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: What did he say? In his poem, what did he say?
THE DOCTOR: He was very complimentary about you, the, er, the legendary Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, good. Fine.
(Door closed.)
LUCIE MILLER: (from inside) That's all right, then.
THE DOCTOR: (from inside) And your, erm, and your unorthodox protrusions.
(LUCIE MILLER laughs, then stops.)
LUCIE MILLER: (from inside) My what?
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)